Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our courſe,
To meet with *Warvvicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarvvicke on the VValles.

VVar. Where is the poſt that came from valient *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellowe?
Ox. Poſt. By this at *Daintrie*, marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the poſt that came from *Montague?*
Poſt. I left him at *Donſmore*, with his troopes.
VVar. Say *Sommerfield*, where is my loueing ſonne?
And by thy geſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight: is ſpottull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcoutes? or how are they ſeduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be ſorie for thy faultes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *VVarwicke* patron and, be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the ieaſt againſt his will?
War. T was *VVarwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother,
Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *VVarwickes* guift.
VVar. I but thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a waight,
And weakling *VVarwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *VVarwicke* his ſubiect.
Ed. I prethee gallant *VVarvveeke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo.

Glo. Alas that *VVarvvicke*
But while he ſought to ſteal
The king was finely fingre
You left poore *Henrie* in the
And ten to one youle meet h
Ed. T is euen ſo, and yet y
War. O cheerfull collours

Enter Oxford vvith
crie Oxford, Oxf
Ed. The gates are open, ſ
Lets follow them, and bid th
Glo. No, ſo ſome other mi
Wee'l ſtay till all be entred

Enter Sommerſet v
Som. Sommerſet, Sommerſet,
Glo. T wo of thy name bo
Haue ſould their liues vnto
And thou ſhalt be the third,

Enter Montague, v
Mon. Montague, Montague,
Ed. T raiterous *Montague,*
Shall deerlie abie this rebelli

Enter Clarence, wit
VVar. And loe where *Geo*
Of power enough to bid his
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for
Et tu Brute, wilt thou ſtal
A parlie ſirrah to *George of C*
Sound a Parlie, and Richrd
and then Clarence tak
Hat and throwes
War. Come *Clarence*, com
Cla. Father of *Warwicke*, k
I throw mine infamie at the

l. 1. ~~[illegible]~~ foreig

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006a) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN